

VELD TRAILS

(OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TRANSVAAL ROVERS)

Vol. 2.

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(Subscription 2/6 per Annum)

No. 8.

Editorial Licence.

Has it ever struck you that every organisation of note has an official publication for its followers? You have, for instance, the South African Bowler's Magazine, the Master Builder's Journal, the Caledonian, the Zionist the Churchman - even the "dogs" have a magazine of their own.

These particular magazines, journals, publications - call them what you will - are all printed for one thing. They are there to keep their followers informed of various events connected with the particular organization they represent. Items of interest are published, results of competitions, elections, meetings are put forward for consideration and attention. In short all the members of the club, association or society are kept in touch with what is going on and what is being done to further the interest of their club, association or society.

That is why Veld Trails came into existence. Rover Crews in the Transvaal were quite content to jog along in their own sweet way, they meandered down the primrose paths of local service forgetting that there were other pebbles on the beach. It mattered not one jot whether the next-door crew was slowly losing its members through lack of interest, it made no difference whether the census returns showed a decrease of so many per cent on last year's numbers, service was localised to such an extent that it became merely a necessary 'good turn' and that was all there was to it. If by some strange mischance two crews - or even three - got together they each hugged their own corner of the room and that was the end of that - thank-you-for-the-ripping-evening-should-be-more-of-this- and off they went to their old haunts there to chew the cud of solitary satisfaction and be warmed by the glow of duty-nobly-done. Now and again some keen fellow would be enterprising enough to kick against these ancient smothering customs but he was promptly satisfied with the remarks that "that stunt has been tried before and failed" or else he was looked upon as a revolutionary, an heretic, and promptly squashed as only Rovers and their ilk can squash.

Why were things in this state - why are they? The answer is: "Because Rover Crews are not kept in touch with each other and consequently do not know what is going on outside of their own crew". They have not the broader vision of a brotherhood of Service, they have got into a groove and there they stay. Granted they are of service to their own community - but Union is Strength - and how much better it is to be strong and do a thing properly than to make convulsive efforts and then fail.

We have the Crews, we have the material - grand, useful material. We have potential directors of the industrial, social and economic life of the province. Are we to be content to let it rot, to allow it to stagnate and through its own lazy, acceptance of the Rover Creed taint the oncoming Rover generation?

There is only one answer to that and it is a decided and definite "NO". What are we to do about it then? How are we to co-ordinate all our ideas and schemes?

There is one way and that is through an official paper. Divisional Headquarters - who by the way do know what they are doing - gave Veld Trails that official footing. That was all that was required of them. The rest is up to the Transvaal Rovering fraternity. Support us, help us, encourage us in every way you can and in so doing you will be helping on Rovering no end. It's not the moneyed support we are appealing for now - that comes later. It's your wholehearted assistance we need in articles, programmes, ideas, letters - everything that has to do with Rovering.

If you have any ideas let Veld Trails know. As long as you keep them to yourself no good can come of them, but spread them among the movement and see what comes of them. Luther had ideas, Knox had ideas and the Reformation came about as the result of those ideas. It's only a small point but it's an important one.

Next - appoint a correspondent from your crew to Veld Trails. Make it his duty to keep us informed of what you are doing and how you're doing it. It's not necessary that he should be conversed in the intricacies and subtleties of journalism - all that is required is a brief record of things past, present and to come. It should also be his duty to forward on to Veld Trails any talk or debate that has proved of interest to his crew. The rough notes are all that is necessary.

Then we come to a very important point. Subscriptions! To run this magazine we must have money. You can help us there a lot. If the treasurer of your crew made it part of his duties to either remind you, or collect from you the sum of 2/6 before the first month of the year you would be assured of your copy for that year. 2/6 a year is not going to break any one and the cause is worth the money. I ask you now earnestly to make a big push and think about your subscriptions for 1940. Definitely no copies will be sent out next year unless subscribed to.

Finally we want your criticisms and suggestions as to the running of the magazine. Are there any particular features you think should be included, are there any that should be cut out? How can the layout be improved? All these and many other things require more than a casual approval of the whole scheme. It's your paper and it's up to you to keep it up to the mark. The Rover World has had to give up because of lack of support. Are you going to allow that to happen to Veld Trails? Can we rely on your support, your enthusiasm and encouragement or must Veld Trails go back to Headquarters and say: "It can't be done. Rovering doesn't need our help", and then retire to the shelf where along with so many other gallant endeavours it will fade away into the memory as yet another Rovering failure - another of the "night-lave-beens".

So do your best to keep Veld Trails on top of the ladder of Transvaal Rovering. What about it - will you help - every one of you?

As you will see further on in this issue our old friend Claude hasn't been roamin' in the Cloamin' all the time he's been away. Read his letter and then think what the 1940 Sarsi is going to be like. It's only nine months away and is like to

be the best Sarsi ever. Rhodesian Rovers, usually fellows brimful of enthusiasm and energy, are keener than ever. It's the talk of Rhodesia and it's up to us to support these fellows. Not only that but think of the splendid holiday, the Matopos, the Falls and a hundred and one other things Rovers in other lands would give their souls to see. Make Easter 1940 a date.

Once again I must ask for your criticism on this magazine. All viewpoints are welcomed.

Please note the Editorial address until further notice is 20A Turvey Street, Benoni, and all articles must be in early as we go to press on the 20th of each month.

Yours sincerely,

A. ROBERTSON.

FIRST TRANSVAAL DIVISIONAL ROVER SCOUT DANCE.

Crews are reminded that only by the personal effort of every Rover in pressing the sale of tickets, can the dance become the success we all hope for.

Arrangements are completed for this show so make another note of the date 12th August 1939 at New Master Builders Hall, Johannesburg.

Tickets are available at Headquarters, Johannesburg.

CREW DELEGATES TO THE TRANSVAAL ROVER COMMITTEE.

Crews are asked to see that their representatives are making efforts to attend the meetings of the above Committee. It is felt that without the hundred per cent support of crews the Committee would not be functioning properly.

WORLD ROVER MOOT

(WELD TRAILS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT THE MOOT)

Dear Brother Rovers,

Well, here we are two days away from England on our way to the World Rover Moot in Scotland. With me on board are Rover Arthur Moran of Cape Town (who is a distant cousin of mine) and R/S Bill Wood of Durban, as well as ten splendid fellows from Rhodesia R/S/L Steve (Hoggis) Wilson.

We have a very jolly crowd on board, and the Scout spirit seems to have spread to the whole boat -- everything has gone with a terrific swing in a wonderful spirit of friendliness.

At Madeira we had a wonderful surprise. A whole crowd of local Rovers, under R/S Antonio Fernandes, met us on the boat and took us ashore to see the island. Those of you who have never seen Madeira would love it -- a witching tropic island rising with steep cliffs from the sea to green mountains which overshadow the town of Funchal. The town itself is a fascinating maze of winding cobbled streets with mosaic pavements and high shuttered houses on either side. There is an air of sunny unhurried contentment about Madeira. Through the streets ancient cars go honking, apparently following no definite traffic rules, but always contriving to miss the dozens of dogs, children, picturesque peasants bringing embroidery from the country, flower sellers and lumbering buses which throng the streets.

Our Rover friends kept us busy. We were badly out of trim after 10 days at sea, and the way they hurried us up those steep streets nearly finished us off. Conversation was slow but interesting using broken English and the few words of Portuguese we picked up at Cappy Berker's I/M Camp. They took us over a Madeira wine factory. This wine, which is accounted among the finest in the world, is the only wine improved by a long sea journey. We all ended up in the tasting room, sitting on barrels before racks and racks of bottles. We toasted each other in some of the finest wine I have tasted, and then they brought out what they called something really good to drink the health of Baden Powell. I really don't know what the Scout Council would say about this, and us in uniform and all, but when in Madeira, we did as the natives did -- and how!

Next they took us to an embroidery factory. The linen for this is actually imported from Belfast, and after being stamped with patterns, is sent out to the country, where the natives do the intricate embroidery for 6d a day. The cloth is then brought back to the factory, washed, the patterns cut out, leaving only the beautiful needlework behind, and again washed and ironed. The girls who do this work get about 1/- a day, and although the cost of living is low in Madeira, these rates of pay, in addition to bad overcrowding, have caused a general condition of extreme poverty. After this visit, we were taken to the Scout H.Q. and Rover Den behind the big Catholic Church. These fellows (there are more than 50 Scouts on the island) have really got the right idea. Their den was the most "Scouty" of any I have ever seen, and the atmosphere of the place seems to be typified in the Portuguese motto over the door:- "Let only lovers of life and laughter come in this place." We had

a fine sing-song, singing old Jamboree songs we all knew, and taking it in turn to sing national folk songs. We ended up by standing at the alert, saluting, while both National Anthems were sung. There seems to be no better way of becoming proud of being a South African than to go away to another country where you are in the minority, and where any man, Briton or Boer, from the same place and with the same unmistakeable stamp is recognised as a brother.

After a hurried visit to the local newspaper office, where I wrote the story of our visit to be translated into Portuguese for their next issue, we had to dash for the last tug back to the ship. As we rocked back over the swell, laden with flowers and fancy hats from Madeira, while the Portuguese Rovers leaned over the rail on the pier to cheer and cheer again, the realisation of the wonderful spirit of Brotherhood which binds us all together brought a lump into our throats which made it almost impossible to cheer in return.

If Madeira affected us like this, what would be the effect of the Moot to which we were going was the question we were all asking ourselves.

Well that seems to be all for the present. I hope I have been able to convey to those who have had to stay at home some of the thrill experienced by those on their way to this great meeting of Rovers from all parts of the world.

With best wishes for Rovering in the Transvaal

Yours sincerely

CLAUDE L. COOK

Editor.

DRESS UNIFORM - PROPOSAL BEFORE THE T.R.C.

The motion regarding the proposed dress uniform for Rovers was not put to the meeting. Crews were asked to fully discuss the matter and instruct their delegates accordingly.

ROVER TEAM.

The Transvaal Rover Committee have adopted a proposal for the formation of a "Rover Team" which would act mainly in an executive capacity to the Transvaal Rover Committee.

"Cobber its up to me and you to see
that half his dreams come true".....

We are living in troublesome times these days. Our newspapers tell us so in bold headlines, our wirelesses report at great length on each new crisis, our public speakers bid us be prepared and our newsreels flicker by in a rapid whirligig of armed men and defence measures --- and still there's no war.

Now although it is right to be strong and prepared in order to keep freedom alive it is wrong to look on such measures as indicative of war. It seems as if we were in the grip of a mob hysteria. Every little incident reported in the papers is magnified until it assumes warlike proportions and fills us with a sense of impending disaster. Because a wellknown Statesman decides to take a holiday in London for a week there is no need to read dangerous signs of an international conflagration in his decision, and although British gentlemen are subjected to the usual search procedure of stripping by a race foreign to theirs it does not mean that the signal for armed conflict will be given at any moment. Submarines have unfortunately been lost with all hands before today yet no thought or word of sabotage entered our heads.

This all goes to show how frightened we feel. Now our nerves are on edge. We read ominous signs today in incidents and speeches and displays that have been going on for years. Let's get out of this panic and face up to things in a hopeful, optimistic mood. Don't let us measure our strength in arms alone but let us augment it by a cheerful, jolly outlook. Let those whose work it is arrange the affairs of the world -- don't run them down or land them to the skies as the case may be. Leave them to their own job. When one nation apologises to another, millions of amateurs who have no earthly concern with the difficulty hurl themselves into the strife and embarrass the trained specialist.

Let us get on with our own concerns, take a constructive interest in the news of the international game and remember what Kipling said: "I have observed in my life that Great Ones employ words very little between each other in their dealings; still less when they speak to a third concerning those dealings. Also they profit by silence."

"ONLOOKER"

SCOUTS AS BOMBS

Boy Scouts have done many things to help their country, but it has been left to the Kingston (Surrey) A.R.P. authorities to find the most original use for them. They turned the friendly peace-loving little fellows into enemy bombs!

The Scouts were taken by car to various parts of the town and there dumped as bombs. When an air raid warden, wearing steel helmet, came across one he ran like a hare to the nearest report post to tell of his "unpleasant" discovery!



DELVILE WOOD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
 There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
 But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
 These laid the world away; poured out the red
 Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
 of work and joy, and that unhopd serene,
 That men call age; and those who would have been,
 Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us for our
 dearth,
 Holiness, lacked so long, and love, and Pain.

,.....

And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
 And we have come into our heritage,

RUPERT BROOK.

PLANNING THE CREW PROGRAMME

(ARTICLE NO.8 BY WITBANK CREW)

We promised to give an account of how our programmes at Crew nights are arranged and carried out. After reading the ones already given, it made us feel a very poor and small crew, and took a lot of the starch out of us. Anyhow we agreed to do our bit, and if our attempt is not up to much, still it is ours.

We have one meeting per week on Tuesdays and it is a gamble whether there are 4 or 8 present. We are in an industrial centre and there is a lot of unexpected overtime for most of the crew who are employed on the Collieries.

Our usual programme is as follows:-

- 8 p.m. Open meeting with a short service:-
- 8.5 - 8.30 Conduct any business there is to be attended to, and discuss ways and means of carrying on any projects we may be proposing to do.
- 8.30 - 9.00 This is spent as a rule in executing some Scout work (I nearly put in "advanced" but as most of us have not been Scouts before, we are content at present with the usual Scout work such as Knotting, Signalling, Camping Hints etc. The Camping is the most popular one as at least three members who are the keenest of the crew and take a delight in Camping are always on the look out for fresh hints and ideas.
- 9.00 - 9.30 Interval for Coffee and incidentally Witbank Food viz; "Monkey Nuts".
- 9.30 - 10.00 General discussion which as a rule ends in a comparison of the various kinds of work each one has been doing during the week.
- 10.00 Close with a renewal of the Scout Promise.

We have not made programmes in advance up to the present, although we have been the grateful recipients of specimen programmes from a couple of crews.

Our crew members are evidently hibernating for the winter as our attendance has dropped to three, but we are still hoping.

For the September issue we call upon Belgravia-Kensington Crew to supply us with their programme scheme and specimen programme.

VELD TRAILS COMES IN FOR COMMENT BY T.R.C.

The Transvaal Rover Committee complimented the management of Veld Trails on the new make-up and appearance of the mag. Veld Trails gratefully acknowledges receipt of donations from the following:-

Sunnyside (Pretoria) Group Committee
 Belgravia Kensington Crew
 Full Proceeds - Beetle Drive run by St. Patricks Crew .

These donations are very welcome indeed and help considerably towards setting Veld Trails on a sound financial basis.

ESCAPADES ON A WORLD TOUR - PART I

"--- Then Heigh for Boot and Horse, Lad,
and round the World away-----"

Kipling.

Although I left Johannesburg on March 6th. 1938, I do not consider that my World Tour really started until the 14th., on which day Table Mountain nearly added me to the already formidable list of her Victims.

The full story of this my first escapade, follows.... On the 13th., March my cousin and I went up the Mountain by cableway, and on the way I got talking to an elderly gentleman, who was at pains to tell me that the route we could see immediately below us was the easiest on the Mountain, and that "even a fool could climb it". Being a fool, I decided to give it a go next morning... The following morning, at six thirty, then, found my cousin and I at the Lower Station, all ready to fulfil what had long been an ambition. We climbed until 8.30, when we stopped for breath and breakfast, the latter consisting of Sausages, bread and butter, and coffee. Cape Town was completely shrouded in mist, but the Mountain was magnificently clear. After breakfast, we climbed steadily for another two hours, making good progress, for which we rewarded ourselves with a short rest, pears and coffee. As the mist now began to creep up the Mountain, we debated whether we should try to finish the climb. The mist was not very thick, so the whole meeting voted against returning. Soon after this we struck the first bit of real climbing, the other having been stiff slope. My Cousin, some years younger than I, began to tire, in spite of well embellished protestations to the contrary, so I took the Ruc Sack for the rest of the way... Then we struck a practically sheer face of Rock, which I managed to climb; and here came the snag, for Den, shorter than I, couldn't quite make it. He insisted that I scout round a bit, and find our next route, while he had another go at it. Just then it began to rain, and the mist closed in with a vengeance. Visibility was fair up to about 15 yards though, and we were still quite perky. At last Den admitted that he couldn't make the grade, and as the rain had made it impossible for me to get back to him, I fell in with his suggestion that I should push on up while he went round, and up another route he thought he could manage. We kept in touch singing a ghastly mixture of "Suikerbossie" and "La Donna e'mobile", but after a time, dead silence greeted my Caruso-like efforts. I thought he might have made better time than I, and was probably waiting at our meeting place. Then I found I'd have to push straight up, instead of taking a gradual sideways slope. I felt quite proud of my progress, which was sadly hampered by the now well detested Ruc Sack. I was blithely scaling a twelve foot face to which there was only one foot hold, while I had to rely upon a large boulder for a handgrip. I was just hoisting myself up with the aid of this convenient handgrip, when the bally thing rocked over towards me. I remember thinking (with surprise) "And that's the end of you. Too bad about that hot bath you promised yourself". I don't remember doing it, but I let go of that with a speed of which I am proud, and I heard the rock crash back into position as I pressed myself against the face... I felt like sitting down to it after that, but I managed to make the grade, without the help of the Rocking Boulder. I eventually reached my goal, a

broad ledge about 80 ft. from the Top station. As I wriggled breathlessly on to this ledge, a terrific gust of wind nearly undid all my labour. For had I not been holding on so tightly, I have no doubt that I would have figured as centre of interest at the Local crematorium.... There was no sign of Denis, and even my magnificent rendering (In more senses than one) of "Come ye to me" didn't produce a reply, so I dumped the Ruc Sack, and started a methodical search. I thought longingly of the rest of the Coffee in the Thermos, but decided against drinking it in case it was needed.

I was waltzing round quite blithely thinking of nothing so much as eats and warm coats, when the mist cleared for a second, and I found myself looking down into space, with one foot already poised over the edge of a precipice, which I found later to be over a thousand feet deep. I didn't put the other foot over, and decided against tearing round like a bull in a china shop. A few more yells, then wonder of wonders, I heard an answer.

The very welcome owner of the very welcome voice proved to be an engineer attached to the upper station. I put the situation to him, and he took a serious view of the position, and suggested our best plan was to get a search party out, and start looking from where I'd last seen Denis. We shouted to the Upper station, who sent a car out. When it was immediately above us ---- this was judged by sound, for we could not see a thing ---- we asked them to get hold of a search party, to meet us at the lower station. Just as we had started to tackle the climb, we heard Denis calling from about 80 yards away. What had happened was this. In his meanderings, he had come across a sheer face of rock about 70 ft high, with a chain hanging the full length from the top. He climbed this, in hopes of finding a short cut, but when he got to the top, found himself on a fairly narrow ledge, with a "chimney" offering the only exit. When he decided to climb down the chain, he found this feat to be a little beyond his powers, as the view from his vantage point shewed drops he hadn't seen when he was climbing up. So he stuck. He decided not to call, for some reason or another, and the wind was blowing my voice away from him. It was sheer luck that he yelled when he did, for we would probably never have found him. That he was cold goes without saying, and before I could stop him, he'd swallowed the balance of the coffee, which feat prompted me to be horribly rude. However, I more than made up for things when we reached the Cafe at the Top, and the lunch we put away between us was notable more for quantity than choice.

For several reasons we refused to grant interviews to the three reporters who presented themselves, and having had a bit of a rest, shot down the Mountain in search of a hot bath. On the way home, Denis bought a couple of bottles of sherry, of a variety favoured by down and outs of the Cape, and the last I heard that evening was the unsteady voice of my unsteady companion crooning "Suikerbossie a'la "Donne e'mobile", into which selection he had successfully, if not musically blended "Tavern in the Town". The next day was spent in packing, and the following day I went down to the Docks to board my Freighter. At three o'clock in the afternoon a whole crowd of people (to be precise, two) shouted final farewells, and I took a look at the small crowd of people who were to be my companions for a month....

CANDIED COMMENTS

11

by SWEET and LOW.

FIRST EAST-RAND AT-HOME.

T'was bitterly cold outside when I called for Low (low by name and nature.) He was reclining before a rosy fire, a rosy look on his face, and rosy ideas concerning his future. Great was his indignation and wrath when I reminded him that we were due to appear in person at the First East Rand at home.

After ejecting a couple of moths from his overcoat we proceeded in to direction of Brakpan. This procession consisted of pushing Low's super-heated rattler seven (knee action with rheumatism in the joints) every 3 furlongs.

However, and anon, as Low so practically told the fair maid of Perth, we came in sight of Ye olde Scoute Halle, Brakpanne (which being translated means a place of stagnant waters) and verily, verily, 'tis true.

We waited - and after waiting three quarters of an hour we decided, in spite of Low's protestations against further movement on a night like this that we should adjourn (all 5 of us!) to the Benoni Rover Den, there to partake of tea and cake.

Low and I (Sweet is the name) hearkened intently to Nims words - words of deep sorrow and regret at the passing of so many fine East Rand Rovers. But as Low pointed out to our pessimistic Nim - "you cant expect Rovers - and East Rand ones at that - to muddy their shoes (patent leather) in such weather. After all it's no use being a Rover if you can't interpretate the meaning of Democracy in its fullest and most significant meaning." Then up spake brave Sir Galahad(sorry we mean Doug Wilson) who threatened to tear to pieces Nim's carefully thought out speech. But, as Low, ever to the fore, and never to be found said:- "These sausage rolls taste like more" and so thought friend Wilson - Nim is still alive and kicking - and we hope and pray he will kick and kick and KICK - what d'you think?

And now, we must close, each to go to his own little nest, and there soliloquise and think upon what might have been a roaring success, but turned out a complete and dismal failure - with thanks to the East Rand Rovering fratnernity who didn't turn up.

SWEET AND LOW

So you keep me in a refrigerator all night and then call me a Pessimist? You had better sing Sweet and Low because I'm going to kick and kick and KICK, when we meet again. The Wise men came from the East and I am optimistic enough to expect them from that direction again.

NIM.

by 'Flyleaf'

MORE GILCRAFT GLEANINGS

C. Arthur Pearson

Gilcraft

Scout Shop 2/-

All the chapters in this latest Gilcraft book have appeared at one time or another as articles in some Scouting journal. But Gilcraft words are words of wisdom and nearly every Scouter who takes his job seriously likes to have them in handy form to dip into when need arises.

The prologue - Statement of Belief - will be welcomed by all those who in this rush and turmoil of modern times have given way to just a little doubt as to whether Scouting is worth while, for here is a statement based upon a long and profound study of Scouting and its methods in all parts of the world, and is in no way a fairy dream.

The other chapters will be extremely helpful to the Scouter and Cubmaster, while the seven chapters devoted to Rover Scouting are worth considerably more than the price of the book.

These articles appeared some time ago in the "Rover World" and were one of the most welcome features of that magazine.

'More Gilcraft Gleanings' will make a welcome addition to the Gilcraft Library.

SCOUTING SUGGESTIONS

Brown Son & Ferguson Ltd.

Kenneth C. Sparrow

Scout Shop 2/-

No Scoutmaster, however unsuccessful he may be in thinking out original ideas, can plead that he is stumped for attractive Troop programmes when such Scouters as Mr. Kenneth Sparrow condense years of experience in successful Troop running between the covers of a most moderately priced book. Some of the author's "suggestions" are old ones though none the worse for being recalled. Every page, however, contains a wealth of ideas, old and new; Suggestions for Troop programmes, wide games, displays, correspondence with Scouts overseas, inter-Troop suggestions, parents' evenings, concerts, camping, etc.

It is often said that such books as these are elaborations of principles laid down in "Scouting for Boys". If this is so, Mr. Sparrow has shown a thorough understanding of the Chief's teaching. "Scouting Suggestions" should be in all good Troop libraries, and not only read, but acted upon.

In order to make this feature a success FLYLEAF would appreciate suggestions of books in which our readers might be interested. Any suggestions should be accompanied by the Author's name, the publisher, the price and where the book can be obtained.

LETTER - LORE

SPRINGS.

17.7.39.

Dear Editor,

Please find enclosed a cover for your cover competition, I know I am very late, but better late than never.

I am a 1st. Belgravia Kensington Crew member, and have been living in Springs and have been too buzy studying to get into crew meetings, let alone reading papers. Anyhow Bob Williams came to light and made me a present of a yearly subscription, to get me interested once again, and also to help to expand your circulation.

Well I passed my exam (Winding Engine Driver's) and sad to say, I find my time too occupied with graft to be able to be a regular member, so I find Veld Trails a marvelous paper, for it keeps me in touch, not only with our crew, but with other crews.

I've only been able to read your copies lately, and I must say they are stirring up my enthusiasm all over again, if my cover cannot be accepted in the competition, it sure will help to change the variety of your covers.

Yours in Scouting,

PODGE BURNARD.

Your Attention is Drawn to :-

WORLD ROVER MOOT - CAMP NEWSPAPER

An illustrated newspaper giving the latest news and pictures of the World Rover Moot will be published each day from 15th to 25th July inclusive.

The Editor will be Mr. Haydn Dimmock, Editor of the Scout, who is the pioneer Editor of Camp Newspapers.

This Newspaper will enable you to follow the daily progress of the great international gathering, and the full set will be a souvenir of what may well prove to be one of the most historic gatherings ever held.

We do hope all who can will send their names and addresses, plus postal orders

Continued on page 16

CREW FLASHES

BENONI CREW

Once again Benoni (being the jewel, gem, heart and oasis of the East Rand) has shown to the rest of the world, including George Goch and Jackson's Drift, that it's Rovers are real go-getters. Pushed out of their packing case den and faced with the awful prospect of sharing a school classroom with some bright Boy's Club they rubbed their rusty lamps and commanded the Genii (another name for Rover Leader) to hie him hence and procure one den complete. So gese, so gedoen as the classics have it. In two ticks (well, at least two days) a cosy little room was to be had somewhere in the heart of Benoni's Motortown. Although still pretty bare (shut your eyes Mr. Censor) it won't be long before there's some Rovers and other wooden furniture installed. Meantime to pass away a couple of evenings the boys have been attending first-aid classes at the local fire-station. Now they know where the patella is (or should be), they can break bones and mend them again, spurting arteries have no terrors for them and Lawrie reckons he's never seen anything so neat as a case of shock. Greenhorn thought he said case of Scotch and for two minutes agreed with him till he had a shock on discovering the only Scotch present was himself and two other bonny lads. Apparently he hadn't fully recovered when the lecturer pounced on him with "what would you do for Sciatica?" "Nuthing, I canna speak Italian "says friend John.

What we in Benoni want to know is why didn't the other East Rand crews come to the get-to-together at Brakpan? Only 13 Rovers from the whole of the East Rand - a poor show.

Well, folks, we'll make our bow now and hope you're all in the pink as it finds us. Benoni calling all Crews

WITBANK CREW

As agreed I am enclosing specimen of our usual Crew Night Programme together with a few notes. I know that it is very poor but you must just do the best that you can with it.

As I remark we are having a tough time of it during the cold weather. A nice fire has evidently more attractions than the Den, but we have one or two who have the right idea of it and turn out in any sort of weather and enjoy it.

Wishing you all success with "Veld Trails" and with the best of wishes to yourself.

PARKVIEW CREW

The Crew have started out on a new Programme Scheme. Practical Scouting and Outdoor activities playing a large part in this scheme. It was felt that there was too much of the talk-talk stuff on the programme. The idea behind this being to prepare the crew for the reception of about 8 to 10 chaps of Rover Age at the end of this year.

Another scheme the crew are working hard at is the collection of £40 by the end of the year for the Sarsi Funds. We are doing this by holding 6 functions including dances, jumble sales, mixed picnics, and treasure hunts combined with Braavleis Aands

If any crew care to visit us a note to the Scribe - C. Jordan, 24 Rochester Mansions, will serve to advise us and of course if any Crew would care to have us visit them we would be only too pleased. Broaden our views - that's the idea.

Just before closing mention must be made of the deep loss sustained to the crew in the departure of Scrawler Robertson to Benoni. Most of you know old Scrawler and will admit that Parkview's loss is Benoni's gain. Good Luck Scrawler.

GOOD COMPANIONS CREW

Is still on the map. Have welcomed two new members this month - keep coming you chaps and make us strong. Wally Hyman (ex Parkview) has joined us. Many times welcome Wally, we want you for a long time.

The crew is now busy with tenderfoot tests and planning a week end camp next month. We want another crew to join us. Write to our scribe, Lads Hostel, Cottesloe.

What about that shooting match Rosebank? We've written to you and are looking forward to it. Football! Who said Football? Again, Rosebank, we are looking forward to that football game. Come amongst us soon, and we'll give you our best effort. All crews note -- we are keen on football.

Sorry we could not get along to your Beetle Drive, St. Pat's. We've heard we missed a good time.

Thanks for coming last month, 2nd Crown Mines, we are keen on seeing you again.

Meeting - Every Monday Night.

ST. JOHNS CREW

We find ourselves this month changing our programmes round to meet the approval of the weather. This is especially so, with regard to our first investiture ceremony, which was originally booked for the second weekend in the month. The weather booked the same day - all our important dates such as dances etc., seem to meet with opposition in some quarter. So we were forced by lack of an Arctic constitution to seek more clement weather and pastures new for the long awaited and oft postponed ceremony.

The Crew finds the ancient and time honoured Rover custom of "Sundowner" cocoa most necessary at this time of the year to keep the spark of life, within, aflame. So it has by devious means acquired a pot, and now with the use of an occasionally remembered mug, a hot beverage, bearing a remote resemblance to cocoa in colour, is poured down none too reluctant throats. Our leader meanwhile watches and wishes that his talks would go down as easily.

Apart from all these misfortunes our Crew can still argue its way through the meeting in grand style.

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SCOUTS OWN - 3RD SEPTEMBER, 1939 - ELLIS PARK AT 3 P.M.

Transvaal Rover Scout Committee have promised to assist at the above. Will Rovers other than Scouters please make a note of the date. It is urged that all Rovers who can possibly manage should attend as there are numerous duties which they could undertake. A.D.C. Nimmo will be in charge of such duties. Details Later.

RAND BLOOD TRANSFUSION SERVICE.

Donors for the above service are urgently required. Please send in your name and address to the Editor, Veld Trails, who will put you in touch with the right parties.

NATIONAL SERVICE FORM

Rovers are reminded that the above forms should be completed and returned to Headquarters for filing purposes. It is up to every Rover to support this service which is a vital and necessary one. Please support the committee who have put in so much hard work. To date 24 forms have been received and considering these forms have been in circulation for two months it is a poor reflection on Rovering in the Transvaal.

St. John's Crew are holding a Beetle Drive in September in aid of Veld Trails Funds. Details as to time and place will be announced later.